It had been weeks since the ‘assembly incident,’ and Candice was still struggling to live it down. Turns out people don’t easily forget it when you and two of your ‘friends’ stumble out in front of the entire school with nary a scrap of clothing amongst y’all but a singular pair of sneakers. The mere act of appearing totally naked in public was bad enough, but what made it worse for Candice was that in being so new to Eager Meadows All-Girls School, that act of indecent exposure became most everyone’s first impression of her, and it’s true what they say about first impressions mattering! Weeks later, and Candice was still weathering teases about being an exhibitionist and cracks about her ‘killer bod,’ ‘stupendous rack,’ and - most embarrassing to her - ‘that big ol’ bubble butt!’ That last one was usually chased by someone reaching out to spank her, which Candice rarely was able to dodge and always made the embarrassment worse! Candice wasn’t a fan of being the center of attention in any instance, and there wasn’t a morning since that Candice didn’t feel mortified out of her mind!

Still, though it was taking longer than Candice would have liked, time washes over things, and at last, Candice felt the scrutiny that had been following her gradually fade away. The last of the bootleg school newspapers that boasted minimally-censored snapshots of her nakedness finally stopped circulating, and no one in the hall turned to point and laugh at Candice if she didn’t do anything to draw their attention. The ‘exhibitionist’ jabs still came, but less en masse, and mostly in obvious jest. And though there wasn’t yet anyone she could comfortably consider a ‘friend,’ she’d made a few polite acquaintances with some of her classmates, and she was already in pretty well with most of her teachers! It felt good to finally start being received as something other than a punchline about missing clothes!

With the air finally feeling nearly clear, Candice had decided it was finally time to make a bigger move! The best way to get that horrible incident out of everyone’s minds once and for all would be for Candice to cultivate a different identity for herself, to give everyone else some other way to remember her that didn’t involve her being naked! And what a better way to do that than by joining a sport! Candice had always enjoyed sports and being active, and being on a team would look great on college applications! Sounds like the perfect solution!

But what sport? That was the real question. Over the course of a few nonconsecutive days, Candice took time to ponder over the memo board just outside the commons, and every day she got paralyzed with indecision! Everything sounded fun, but it wasn’t just about that, it was about picking how she wanted to be defined! Was she gonna be a volleyball girl? Eh, a lot of bouncing… Field hockey? Not even sure how to play that. Maybe soccer? That’s a good one… They were all good ones, really, and that’s what made it so hard to choose! It felt like such a big choice, and Candice wanted to be super careful in making the right one…

It seemed like fate, then, later in the week, when Candice found a flyer taped to her locker door, advertising tryouts for the track team on Thursday after school. Candice’s face lit up as she read the flyer! Track, of course! Candice loved running! Plus, with so many events and teammates, it’d be an ideal mix of keeping her out of main focus and giving her more than enough chances socially to build a new image for herself! Happily, Candice hugged the flyer to her chest and went home with a smile!

Finally, Thursday arrived, and, at the end-of-day bell, Candice eagerly hurried to the locker room to change. An uneasiness accompanied her, however, both through the locker room and the subsequent walk outside. Track was a popular sport, right? And if it’s tryouts, that would surely garner plenty of attention, right? But to Candice’s confusion, she barely saw any other girls in the locker room, and those she saw all wore cheerleading uniforms. It was the right day, right? Yeah, had to be, and yet…

Slowly and uncertainly, Candice finished dressing, but even as she stepped out of the locker room directly onto the sun-kissed field leading to the track, she still didn’t see anyone else dressed for tryouts. Maybe she’s late, the thought crossed her mind, or even early? Nary a single other girl joined her in the mild afternoon heat, not on the track, not in the distant bleachers, not on the grass. Barely twenty minutes after the closing bell, Eager Meadows All-Girls School had turned into an all-ghosts town.

Still uncertain - and hopeful to avoid disappointment - Candice stood and waited on the track, shading h

er eyes as she glanced between both the school, the locker room, and the parking lot continuing to thin o ut. Aside from some late leavers heading to their cars, all she saw were, again, cheerleading uniforms. E ventually, Candice had to accept defeat. Maybe it was next Thursday? Or it got rescheduled? In any cas e, it seemed clear there wasn't going to be any tryouts that day. Well, while she was out there, she could still take a few laps! It was such a lovely day, it'd be a shame to waste it! Besides, it'd just put her in bett er shape whenever it was finally time for the real deal! The moment of gloom passed quickly, with Candi ce eagerly hopping onto the track and beginning to stretch her hammies for a relaxing two-mile jog.

Candice was in the middle of her stretches, however, when upon idly glancing back towards the school, she saw two girls headed her way and waving. They were both dressed in the same gym uniform as Can dice - white T-shirt with an etched outline of the school's tiger mascot, and a pair of neon-blue shorts tha t barely reached mid-thigh. The taller of the two had very fair blonde hair neatly straightened to flow down her back - and her shirt seemed a little too tight, Candice thought, judging from how the fabric hugged h er impressive chest - while the short one was more of a dirty blonde, nearly brunette, whose mussed styl e stopped just above her shoulders, and whose body seemed less overtly curvaceous.

Out of reflex, Candice glanced over her shoulder, but there was no one else around they could be wavin g to. Hurriedly, Candice returned the waves, hoping she wasn't waving too fast or her smile was too unse ttling! "H-hi! Hi! Are… are you here for track?" Candice hesitantly ventured.

Both girls hopped up onto the track beside Candice. The shorter of the two chuckled, nodding and holdin g out her hand. "Sure are. Name's Carrie, I'm the, um, the captain! And this is Hannah, our junior coach. Nice to meet you!"

Relieved beyond words, Candice smiled wider and accepted Carrie's handshake. "Oh great, I was worrie d I had the wrong date!" She laughed and Carrie did too. She smiled at Hannah too, but it took a second to get one back - Hannah had been looking Carrie's way with a strange furrowed-brow stare. When she s napped out of it, though, the smile she gave Candice seemed genuine!

Backing away from the handshake, Candice casually glanced past the duo, but saw no one else. "Will… Er- am I early? Will other people be here soon, then?"

Much to Candice's surprised, Carrie shook her head. "This is it! Just gonna be us today!"

"R-really?…" Even her conscientious politeness didn't stop the confusion from entering Candice's face. "J ust… just us?"

Though Carrie chuckled and opened her mouth to reply, she was preempted by Hannah stepping in fron t of her and chuckling louder. "Oh yeah, the school's trying some new one-on-one approach to tryouts. R eally lets you get intimately familiar with new faces, gives you a sense of what they can handle on an… i ndividual basis."

Candice couldn't help her still-flummoxed expression. "…oh- Oh! Oh, okay…" This was a new concept to Candice! Suddenly it felt like a lot more pressure…

Carrie sidled up and stepped back in front of Hannah, her shoe making quite the emphatic *slap* on the track's surface. "Don't sweat it, just think of it as hanging out with your girls." Carrie raised her eyebrows. "Since you're already limbered up, why don't we jump right into a quick exercise?"

Still pretty nervous, Candice nodded. "Um, s-sure! Yeah, let's go!"

Carrie smiled wider and gestured to the track, specifically where it curved into the straightaway. "How ab out a race to the 100 meter line to show us what you got?" Carrie nudged her shoulder into Hannah's, not too hard but enough to get a side-eye from the tall blonde. "Hannah here's a real pistol, one of the best i n short-distance we got. You beat her, your spot's basically guaranteed. But let's make things interesting:

if you lose, you have to play a game of 'bare-all.'" She grinned. "How about it?"

It sounded great to Candice! Truthfully, she was better at short bursts of speed than endurance running, so this was right in her wheelhouse! But what was the thing she had to play if she lost? 'Barrel?' What was that? Well, Candice could figure that out later - it was time to show them her stuff! "Y-yeah! Yeah, okay, let's go!"

Quickly, the 'contestants' took their positions at the starting line, Candice on the inside lane and Hannah outside. Both girls lowered to a runner's start with their fingers just behind the line. Candice already felt herself sweating! This was her moment! Just calm down; steady your breathing, remember all the power comes from your quads, don't lock your knees… you can do this!

As Candice alternated between psyching herself up and running down her mental checklist as she prepared for the sprint, her focus became locked on Carrie as she walked before each of the girls crouching in preparation. "Alright, pay close attention!" She raised her voice like there was audience around them, sending shivers down Candice's arched back! "I will count down from three, two, one, then go! You'll both take off on 'go,' not before, y'hear? First one to reach the 100 meter line and get back wins!" Candice felt an eager smile break across her lips as Carrie spoke, so intensely focused she didn't even notice Hannah dexterously sliding her hand over and delicately tugging Candice's shoelace loose from its bow… then crossing it over its mate…

"Alright," Carrie called as she walked to the side of the track with an arm raised like she was holding a racing flag, "you girls ready? Three… two… one…" A dramatic beat. "GO!"

Immediately, Candice shot up like an uncoiled spring, launching forward with all her might…

…only for her foot to abruptly catch! "WAAGGH!" Candice yelped as she pitched forward and ungracefully belly-flopped right onto the track!

"…ow…" Candice mumbled as she gingerly picked herself up. Her knees and elbows felt terribly rough, like she'd used them to start a fire, and her boobs ached from the hard impact, but mostly it was the surprise that rattled her. What happened?! She tripped? On what?! Carefully, Candice craned her neck around and quickly found the cause: her shoelaces had been tied together! How'd that happen? Of course, there was only one way that would happen… Candice's heart fell through her stomach with any remaining trace of hopefulness.

Upon that realization, Candice looked forward again to see Hannah all the way down the track, not even running, instead sashaying with an exaggerated swing in her ample hips. Once she reached the 100-meter line, she spun around like a model on a runway, with an expression three times as smug, and made her walk back. The whole time, Carrie watched on, doing a very poor job of stifling her giggles. Finally, Hannah returned to the starting line, shrouding Candice in her supercilious shadow. "Looks like I win," the tall blonde drawled.

"H-hey! Th-that wasn't fair!" Candice sat up, rubbing her knees. "You- you tricked me! Why… why did you do that?!"

"Looked like a good, clean race to me," Carrie chimed in, taking a place next to Hannah and darkening the shadow cast over a dismayed Candice. Carrie made disapproving clicking noises with her tongue. "Them's the breaks, babe. Time to play."

As Hannah started walking around her with an unsettling grin, something in Candice's scattered mind clicked, and her dismay turned to dread! It wasn't 'barrel' they wanted her to play for losing! It was BARE-ALL! "Wait, that wasn't-"

Before Candice could protest any further, Carrie lunged! Before Candice could even realize, the front of

her gym shirt was knotted around both of Carrie's fists, while Hannah grabbed the back! "Kyaaah!" Again st the two, Candice was helpless to do anything but yelp as the blondes roughly hoisted Candice's shirt up and off her body!

Candice's startled breath caught in her throat as the fabric passed up and over her face and skewed her glasses, but still the moment passed in perfect, horrific clarity! As her shirt was lifted off her body, Candic e watched, stupefied, as in one collective motions her bosoms heaved up before bouncing into broad da ylight, barely contained by a bra decorated with rich red lace!

Carrie and Hannah erupted into mocking laughter, while Candice yelped and threw both hands over her c leavage. "H-hey!" She tried to sound defiant, but the embarrassment of the exposure and the volume of t he bullies' laughter got to Candice and made her voice crack!

The blondes were beside themselves with laughter! Carrie doubled over and pointed. "A red lace bra? W ho wears THAT for track tryouts?!" Carrie cackled before straightening with a clap of her hands. "Ohmig od, I just HAVE to know if she matches!"

Candice nearly turned as deep a ruby red as her undergarments! It was the only set she had left since d oing laundry, and she CERTAINLY hadn't expected anyone to see them! But then the second half of Carr ie's taunt finally sank in!

"Wha- WAH!" Hugging her chest, Candice quickly tried to scramble to her feet and run, only for Hannah t o stick out her foot and trip her over again! "Oof!" Candice groaned as she landed hard on all fours! Hurri edly, she tried to stand back up, only for Hannah to keep her held down with both hands on her back! De spite her attempts to worm away, Candice was helpless to do any more than squeal and plead as Carrie strolled around to her rear end - sticking out and shaking back and forth in desperation! - and deviously built suspense by slipping her manicured fingers one by one under the waistband of Candice's gym short s. Once all ten digits were wrapped firmly around, Carrie paused a moment, savoring Candice's moment of confused relief - as evidenced by her shapely behind slowing in its shakes - before whisking the short s down with one fluid motion, down the dork's thighs and right under her knees and off her legs entirely! Satisfied, Carrie casually tossed the shorts off the the side and wolf-whistled, as Hannah backed away fr om holding down Candice, allowing the dork to sit back up on her knees, shaking with embarrassment th e whole time! Sure enough, hugging her hips: bright red lace, with the tag sticking up out of the back! Eve n sexier than the top half, each bully thought to themselves; at least the bra wasn't exactly skimpy! Eithe r the panties were run a half mile up the dork's keister, or she was rocking a half-thong style that left the bottoms of her butt cheeks unhidden! Laughter resumed as the bullies drank in the whole picture of the u ndressed dork in her sexy red underwear!

Candice, on the other hand, was rooted to the spot, trembling and terrified! She was outside in nothing b ut her underwear - the one set she never wanted anyone to see, no less! Over half of her breasts jiggled out the top of the bra, and her panties barely hid anything down south! This was so humiliating! She thre w her whole right arm over her cleavage, and even though it was technically covered up, she still named her other hand down between her legs over her crotch to try and cover as much of herself as she could f rom the leering eyes of these girls she thought would be friends! "G-give- give me…" Candice could barel y form words in her panicked state! "Give… give me back my clothes!"

"Oh my God!" Hannah ignored her. "What sexy underwear to wear! For practice?!" She knelt down on C andice's side, who hugged herself tighter and recoiled, though she was too scared to do more! Wickedly grinning, Hannah extended a forefinger and tauntingly slid it along Candice's thigh, under the thin leg hol e before stretching the fabric away from Candice's skin! Candice whimpered and stared through half-clos ed eyes as Hannah teased the fabric back and forth oh so gently, not far enough to catch any glimpses at that special place Candice's hand kept locked out of sight, but hard enough to see some of the fabric d ig a little deeper into that place and make the corners of Candice's mouth tremble! "If I didn't know any b etter," Hannah cooed as she wrapped the fabric around her finger and smirked at the way Candice's face became redder in an instant, "I'd think you'd been hoping for this…"

“…guh… gah…” Candice stammered, flummoxed both by Hannah’s words and her getting so intimate wi th her underwear! As Hannah twirled her finger to wrap the panties tighter around it, and thus make the p ressure down low build that little bit more, Candice finally got the thought to react and lifted her arm off h er boobs to try and push Hannah back before things got worse!

But the second Candice moved her arm, Carrie moved in for the attack! She latched herself against Can dice’s back and swooped her arms beneath the dork’s armpits, reaching around to her front and grabbing her breasts! “Gah!” Gripping each bosom with the whole of her hands, Carrie gently lifted them up and d own, slowly rotating them away from each other, every few seconds giving a firm squeeze that punctuate d Candice’s embarrassed stammering with a shocked gasp! Hannah began tugging harder on her pantie s, while Carrie rolled her body right up against Candice’s back over and over like a slow, sensual wave! One of the bullies joked about her turning redder than her underwear, but it was all fuzzy in Candice’s flu stered head! Between Hannah playing with her panties and Carrie fondling her boobs, what kind of practi cal joke was THIS?! This was… oh God what WAS this?!

“These are SO big! They’re practically jumping out of here!” Carrie abruptly shoved both of Candice’s bo obs up at once and squeaked in a high, sultry pitch mere inches from Candice’s ear. “‘Let us out! Let us o ut!’ How on earth did a stupid nerd like yourself,” Carrie added in her normal register as she squeezed h arder, “end up with a rack like THIS? Or an ass like THAT?” Carefully, elated with Candice’s humiliated, i nvoluntary moans that weren’t as quiet as she thought, Carrie lifted a hand off a lacy breast and slid it be hind Candice’s back. An idle finger followed the curve of Candice’s spine alllll the way down to where it w as buried past her panties’ waistband. Just an inch, barely the tip of Carrie’s finger sliding beneath the fa bric, Carrie could feel the muscles in Candice’s back tense even tighter! She let her finger linger a mome nt, wiggling it tauntingly at the tippy top of the nerd’s butt crack, just enough to get her to squirm faster, b efore switching directions and walking her fingers back up and up, up the length of Candice’s back. Upon soon reaching the clasp of Candice’s bra, Carrie paused again for effect, before undoing the clasp in a s ingle swift motion! “Oops.” Not even coming close to pretending it was an accident.

“KYAH!” As soon as Candice felt the clasp slip and the security around her chest loosen, she quickly fold ed her arms to keep her bra from slipping off her breasts and revealing more than an extra quarter-inch o f cleavage! Instinctively, Candice reached back with one arm to secure the bra’s broken clasp, but was s topped by Hannah catching her wrist. “H-hey! Stop!” Candice whined. “I’m gonna be naked soon!”

Hannah dropped Candice’s arm, then let the stretched waistband curled around her other fingers snap b ack around Candice’s hips to get her to yelp again. Then she chuckled once, loud and haughty. “It took y ou this long to figure out that’s the whole point?”

What little air was left in Candice’s lungs left at that. It wasn’t so much the surprise, more so that not eve n a single shred of deluded doubt was left about it. Lightheaded and helpless, Candice crossed both arm s over her chest. “Well, just do it already! Why are you doing this?!”

“What’s your rush, cutie?” Carrie’s voice right in her ear made Candice jump again. “You’re not trying to skip practice, are you?” Carrie’s face was right beside Candice’s, practically cheek-to-cheek, and the war mth of her whispering and insistence on keeping her body pressed against Candice’s was making the un dressed dork obviously squirm, much to Carrie’s continued amusement. “All we’ve done is warm up.” Ten fingers delicately sliding down the back of Candice’s panties tickled a new panic into her. “Time for a *re al* exercise!” Before Candice could sputter another plea, Carrie shot to her feet and jerked Candice’s un derwear as high as she could!

“WAAAAAGGH!” Candice squealed and collapsed to all-fours as her red lacy undies were hoisted skywa rd! Carrie pulled and pulled, the lacy fabric sawing and burrowing deeper between Candice’s bubble butt cheeks and further up her private parts, as Candice practically bounced on bent-inward knees with her a ss raised to the sky! At first she flailed her arms to futilely attempt regaining composure, but after the fou rth powerful tug, Candice’s hands became uselessly glued to the front of her panties pulling harder and h

arder up her crotch! “GYAH! Ple-AGGGH!” It became like a game to Carrie, each pull trying to top the la st in all categories: power, making Candice yelp, and getting those fat cheeks to bounce higher and high er, as the red lace stretched higher and dug deeper with every pull!

“HA! Ha ha h- hey!” Carrie’s laughter was interrupted by Hannah shoving her aside, knocking Candice’s waistband out of her fingers and send it snapping against back into the nerd’s hips so hard she winced. C arrie frowned. “What gives?”

Hannah didn’t even look at her. “Move over, it’s my turn.” Eagerly, Hannah reached down and gripped th e stretched back of Candice’s panties with both hands and a grin. “You wanna see how you wedgie a do rky little nerd? I’ll show you how it’s done.”

Carrie’s form was crude and simple: pull after pull. Hannah worked in bursts; long pulls chased by two or three short tugs, regular but arrhythmic, just enough to ensure Candice could never assume even the s mallest break.

It was working. “..ouuuugh…” Candice practically drooled as her neck gave out and her face smushed si delong on top of the track. Her brain all the way to her toes felt like nothing but warm static! Each upwar d pull against her upraised hips was like a shot through her ability to think, shot after shot until Candice’s brain was well past Swiss cheese and all she could do was hopelessly bounce between the back-and-for th chafing along her ass crack and the other feeling splitting her front! The pulls became so frequent it felt like a long constant vibration against Candice’s underside, gradually becoming less painful and more… oh God! The faintest remains of Candice’s conscious thought recognized itself becoming clouded with ar ousal! She couldn’t be seen like this… For a fleeting moment, Candice reached out with the intention to crawl away, but another jerk against her crotch caused the discomfort to spike, and her front half flopped back onto the track, as Candice continued to gurgle, “…hmmmmghmm…”

The noise was like a song to Hannah, who felt like a maestro watching a bright-red Candice go limb in h er grasp! “Aww, is our little kitten purring? Listen,” she nudged Carrie harder than she meant to, knocking her off-balance again.

Though angry for a moment, Carrie quickly righted herself and laughed along. “Oh my god, she’s SO tur ned on right now! Our little wedgie slut!” Carrie reached a single finger over to quickly strum the fabric so stretched out from Candice’s upraised booty that it was barely a string, in no way concealing her perfectl y round cheeks and the heart shape they made!

Suddenly, Hannah got an idea on how to step things up even further. Like a carriage-driver cracking the r eins, she quickly jerked Candice’s unfathomably-stretched waistband hard to the side. “…bluuhhh?” Can dice groaned as her hips were thrown aside to crash down atop the track. Instinctively - all according to H annah’s plan - the rest of Candice’s body followed the momentum, until Candice was lying flat on her ba ck. The relief of her ass crack finally having a rest had only barely set in for a second, until once again Ha nnah’s shadow washed over her.

Hannah leered down at Candice just until the nerd made eye contact, then flipped her stance to instead f ace down Candice’s legs. Before Candice could muster the strength to properly pick herself up, Hannah quickly bent at the knees - briefly filling Candice’s sight with nothing but her big, bright blue butt - and wra pped her fingers around the front of Candice’s red lace panties. There was a dramatic pause, calculated on Hannah’s end to be long enough for Candice to realize in horror what was to come next, before Hann ah jerked Candice’s panties upwards in a vicious frontal wedgie!

“..aaah… ouuuaaAAAH!” Candice’s squeals renewed as all the discomfort shifted more pointedly toward s her pussy, as the fabric stretched deeper between her lips! The flustered blonde collapsed flat on her b ack, her hips hoisted up over and over with Hannah’s zealous pulls rubbing her crotch raw! “oooUAGH! OOOHH!” Candice’s voice came back as sudden and sharp as lightning! The sudden shift to pulling the o pposite direction as before set the trail already blazed on fire even worse than before, sending pins and

needles all the way down Candice's limbs! But the pain was… different… Something about the warm stat ic feeling changed, something buried in it starting to boil through, or blossom even. A cold shudder ran u p the length of Candice's body, hardly the first but who knows how many would follow before… before… "Gah!" Candice gasped louder, a mounting desperation giving her enough energy to croak out, "Pl… plea se… stop, I… no more… stop, or I'll…"

But her feeble pleas were drowned out under the laughter of her bullies, and what little they did hear onl y made them laugh harder! "Oh my God!" Carrie bent down to watch closer as Hannah's impassioned pul ls stretched the fabric to the point of audible fraying between Candice's labes. What was left of the fabric was darker than it'd been before, no doubt catching some of the seepage starting to shimmer down her i nner thighs. Carrie began gently brushing her finger along Candice's leg to make her gasp. "Just when y ou think she's as slutty as she can get, she keeps going!"

Hannah pulled softly twice before jerking the underwear up harder than ever, which succeeded in her go al at making Candice spasm and getting Carrie to back off a bit. "Wanna bet? Go grab a tennis racquet fr om the shed, let's get some grid-marks on her big fat ass!"

Keeping collected, Carrie picked herself up and went back to pacing like an artist admiring a gallery. "Na h, screw that, where's your phone? We gotta get some pics before her fancy panties rip!"

Pictures?! No no NO! Oh God, if ANYONE at school saw her like this… and her panties… Beneath heav y fogs of pain and what she *refused* to think of as pleasure, Candice could sense the tears forming in t he fabric. I… my panties… Candice could barely form a coherent thought as Hannah kept jerking the stra ining fabric deeper into her privates like shotgun blasts of that hot blossomy feeling through her hips! Her vision suddenly got blurry, the electric blue of Hannah's shorts overhead melting into the sky… It wouldn' t be long before Candice and her underwear *both* gave out! I… I have to… something… Acting on only a vague notion of escape, Candice stretched her arm up to grab onto something, to find someone to hel p her before… before…

One last good hard pull knocked the air clean out of Candice's lungs and practically paralyzed her an inc h away from the cold shudder that would finish the job. All her energy spent, Candice's outstretched han d fell back to the track…

…only to find Hannah's gym shorts on the way down. Purely on instinct, Candice's listless fingers closed , and her arm fell to the ground, taking Hannah's shorts down with it!

"Huh- WHAT?" Hannah didn't notice her shorts lowering until she noticed a cold breeze across her thighs , and by then she only looked down in time to see the bright blue fabric pool in a heap around her sneak ers! And if they were down there… The cool breeze grazed her higher than her thighs… In disbelief, her eyes traveled up the length of her own smooth, pale legs, until she remembered the horrible truth: she h adn't worn any underpants that day! With her shorts around her ankles, Hannah was left totally nude fro m the waist down! "AHHH!"

Carrie laughed loudly and pointed at Hannah's now-public privates! "Hahaha! Going commando, huh? Sh e sure got you! Wait…" She leaned in for a closer look at Hannah's pussy. "No tan lines? Hannah, you n aughty girl, what have you been up to?!"

Hannah's face burned redder than a bad sunburn. "S-s-shut up! Stop looking!" Hannah let go of Candice 's undies and tried to cover herself by pulling down her shirt, which was much too short to reach that far s outh - all Hannah succeeded in doing was riding up the back of her shirt even higher, ensuring nary a qu iver of her plump, toned butt cheeks went covered. She kept trying to cover herself, though, flustered in h umiliated rage that Carrie made cackle even harder!

"…ggg… gwuh?…" Candice slowly shook out of her aroused stupor. It took a good few seconds to proce ss everything going on - her crotch was still buzzing but her panties weren't being pulled… Carrie was la

ughing… Hannah's naked ass hovering above her face?! But where'd her shorts… Candice's thought trai led off as her gaze tracked all the way down Hannah's smooth legs, to the bright blue fabric around her ankles… and Candice's own hand on the waistband! Did… did SHE do that?! "…oh… uh oh…" Panic-fue led adrenaline kicked through Candice's mushy senses and got her to do the thing she'd been screamin g at herself to do this whole horrible ordeal: RUN!

Naturally, Hannah was quick to notice the half-naked dork escaping from under her legs. "Where do you think you're going, Candice?" Just barely missing grabbing her legs as she scurried free, Hannah spun ar ound and reached to snare her, only managing to wrap her fingers around Candice's undone bra strap! With a single pull, Candice was twisted all the way around, until the undergarment was yanked clean off her torso!

"AAAH!" Candice squealed! She didn't even have to look down - she was almost afraid to, like if she did n't look it wouldn't be real! But it had happened, and there was no mistaking the feeling of all the support around her chest vanishing: her bra was gone, and Candice was totally topless! The power of the pull se nt her melons springing madly into the sunlight, as a cool breeze caressed them and got her petunia-pink nipples to puff up slightly! But no time to freak out! Securing her chest with both arms, Candice took off sprinting away from her waking nightmare!

"CANDICE! Get back here, you DORK!" Hannah threw down the stolen brassiere and made to rush after her prey! Her first steps were stopped by Carrie, however, who pointedly stomped a foot down in the mid dle of Hannah's fallen shorts, causing them to catch around the blonde's ankles and sending her tumblin g to the ground! "ACK!" Hannah landed hard on the track, chest-first, with her naked butt upraised and h er privates aimed right at Carrie! Growling and inadvertently blushing redder, Hannah craned her neck ar ound and snarled at her friend, "Carrie! What the hell, you bitch?"

Carrie continued to snicker at Hannah's indecent presentation, especially at how the impact sent a might y tremble across Hannah's spread ass cheeks! "Pffffft! Ha! Sorry doll, I couldn't resist getting a better vie w! Ha ha!"

The humor was short-lived, however. The next moment Carrie opened her eyes, Hannah was looming ju st a foot away, with her shorts pulled up and a fire in her eyes the like of which Carrie had never seen bef ore! All the laughter dried up in an instant, and Carrie turned white as wool as Hannah stalked closer.

"Eep!"

—

"Come on come on come on come on come ON!" Candice chanted over and over under her breath as th e door handle to the locker room refused to budge! It was for security reasons, of course, the door lockin g from the outside, but right then it was only serving to keep a student closer TO danger!

Candice kept trying! If she couldn't get in that way, she'd have to go all the way around to the front of the school, and there wasn't a CHANCE she was about to make that run in only a pair of panties and sneak ers! "H-hello!" Candice became desperate enough to call out. "HELLO? SOMEONE?! Please, open the door! PLEASE!" They're gonna make me naked, she almost added before all the humiliation of the past t wenty minutes or so washed back over her and kept her quiet. Maybe there was still a chance no one ha d to know? Still, Candice kept pulling the handle and banging on the door so hard her bare breasts loudly slapped up and down with the effort, all the while wailing for someone, anyone, please open the door…

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Laughter echoed off the locker room walls, as the last few cheerleaders trickled in from practice. Though out of season, tryouts had been held for the team captain, a necessary election before summer started with the usual warm-up camps and programs. It was a position with plenty of panache; more than a doze

n squad members had performed to vie for the spot. Among the crowd crept none other than Emma, the cherry-dyed redhead from one of the richest families in the county, maybe even the state! Typically this le nt a certain assumption of attention, but for the moment, Emma was content to sidle by unnoticed by the rest of the team stripping down to their skivvies and making goodnatured jabs at one another's performan ces - and bodies. With about as casual a gait as she could manage, Emma quickly turned on the ball of her foot, hiding the motion of her dropping something into the trash bin with a louder 'splat' than she'd be en hoping for.

Luckily, no one seemed to notice her, not until she sashayed away from the trash bin with a wry smile, fi nally ready for the attention. "Hey, there's Little Red Trust Fund," Sally called out in a mocking voice, brin ging all the attention to the redhead. "Couldn't even stick around to watch me blow you out of the water? "

Emma barely blinked. "Oh, I saw. And was that the routine you were supposed to be doing? I thought yo u were doing 'Flipper on Ice.'"

The girls around the locker room giggled, and Sally broke into a smirk. "I like that. I'll have to remember t hat one for when I'm captain. Assuming bribes aren't allowed this year?"

Emma laughed once, only once. "Ha! At least I only write checks I can cash. Stay in your lane, Sal," she chided, to a chorus of 'ooooh's from throughout the locker room! Emma was feeling too fired up to take a ny shit like that! She'd just absolutely rocked her tryout - she knew it, the rest of the team knew it! She wa s the only one to not only make all the calls correctly, but landed every flip with grace and style! She was practically a shoe-in to lead the team next semester!

Of course, a good turn can't deserve another, it seems. As soon as Emma finished her routine, she retur ned aglow to her seat on the bleachers, only to find out the hard way that someone had spilled their iced tea or something all over it, over-sweetened and cold as hell! Though Emma managed to react fast enou gh to save her skirt, her underwear got soaked, and there wasn't a chance she'd drive in undies sopping with someone else's drink! She'd played it cool best she could and kept her skirt down to ensure no one passing by could see and assume she messed herself, and, in that inconspicuous moment, she stealthily shucked her undies down her legs and tossed them in the trash bin. Whatever, Daddy's account had pl enty room for spares. Then it just became a game of once again keeping her skirt lowered to hide her lac k of anything beneath - Emma usually walked with a flouncy air, which she had to consciously downplay to keep her skirt from floating up and away from her butt. Still, three years of practice finally paying off! S he was feeling good, more than deserving of a victory latte, and completely oblivious to the frantic rattlin gs of the door handle she was reaching for, and the plaintive cries of a desperate dork…

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The locker room door handle finally twisted between Candice's hands and the door abruptly swung inwa rd with Candice still attached! "YEEP!" Candice squeaked in surprise as she suddenly stumbled forward, unable to stop herself from colliding headfirst with the girl coming outside! "WHOAAA!"

Emma's brain knew the whole thing was happening fast, but it was as if it had to take things in one detail at a time, staggering out what was actually one single second. First, the door was open, and there was s omeone on the other side. Wait, it was someone she recognized… Hey, it was that girl who'd shown up naked at the assembly a while back! And she was still naked, apparently… No, she was topless, but she still had panties on… although they rode so far up her junk she might as well have been naked… And it was only after that the fact passed into Emma's mind that they were falling and she was going to land rig ht on top of-

CRASH!

The two girls landed hard on the grass, Emma on top of Candice, all tangled up in each other! Thrashing

, kicking, legs and other limbs interlocked and twisted around, and it only got worse as each girl tried to p ush the other away only for their hands to slip and make them fall all over each other again! “AHHH!” Ca ndice yelped as Emma’s face landed squarely between her bare boobs, muffling the redhead’s curses an d flustering Candice even more than she already was! What’s more, Emma’s skirt flew up in the fall, bec oming stuck around her waist and held in place by her and Candice’s bodies writhing against each other! Emma’s round pale moon practically sparkled in the sunlight, with her kicking legs causing not only each cheek wobble like wild with every bit of struggle, but opening up glances of her pussy!

“Mmmmtphhth!” Emma felt the cool breeze waft down her ass crack and screamed and shook her head, doing nothing but motorboating Candice and causing her to slip and push her flailing hands harder again st Emma’s bod! The two girls’ bodies churned against each other faster, their hips colliding over and over and sending Candice further into a squealing tizzy!

All the commotion quickly caught the attention of many of the cheerleading team and summoned them o utside the locker room. At the front of the crowd was none other than Sally, who snorted and called over her shoulder, “Hey girls, come quick! You gotta see this!” Soon the entire tryout team was outside encircl ing the two, laughing at the spectacle of two nearly-naked weirdos straddling each other in broad daylight ! “Oh my God!” Emma’s buttocks clapping and jiggling stole most of the attention! “No freaking panties?! Did you try out like that?! How slutty!” “Oh God, you can totally see her vag!” “Upset at not making the cut , so you decided to scissor your girlfriend, here?” “Who even is that?” “Oh my god, that’s the exhibitionist girl! And she’s naked again!” “No, she’s got a thong on or something! But that’s IT?! What a perv!” Com ments came left and right and were chased by laughter getting louder, as the other cheerleaders found t heir way of the locker room and into the audience!

“Mmmthfhh! MMPHH!” Sensing the rapid flashes of cameras all around her, Emma’s efforts to push hers elf off the flailing dork doubled! As she pushed and slipped and pushed and slipped she tried to swing her hips down and drop her skirt back over her shame, but all she did was make it look like she was humpin g Candice! The crowd surged louder in laughter, and anyone who hadn’t been filming definitely started th en! All the thrashing and friction between the girls’ bodies, also, caused Emma’s top to roll up her torso, i n no time revealing her bare midriff, and soon after rolling up over her breasts! Another failed attempt to s tand sent Emma slipping forward half a foot, and soon it was *her* bare boobs smushed against *Candic e’s* face! She’d been stunned into silence before, so of course she only found her voice to protest right w hen it was muffled by Emma’s knockers! Candice sputtered under Emma’s wriggling, their bodies becom ing slick with sweat to make them slip even more!

“H-hey!” Her face freed from Candice’s Ds, Emma finally was able to speak. “Stop! S-stop looking! Go aw ay!” Of course, no one listened. If anything, Emma’s more commanding position somehow became even more provocative, leant further forward with her legs spreading even further apart! Crackling with cheers and jeers alike, an emboldened crowd began crouching down and zooming in to grab exceptionally intim ate pictures between the redhead’s legs, especially when she inadvertently bucked her hips and stretche d her ass cheeks further apart! With the glimpses of her breasts as they dropped up and down on Candi ce’s sputtering face, absolutely nothing was left to the imagination, every inch of Emma’s secrets capture d from every angle! “Can’t wait to share THIS with the rest of the team!”

Suddenly it was like the winds changed direction. A flash of cherry-red, and all of a sudden the phones o f every girl at the front of the crowd fell free from their hands, to a chorus of confused “What?!”s, “Huh?”s, and other sounds of surprise. Some merely clattered to the ground, but other were swiftly cracked under a bright green gym shoe almost moving too fast to see! The crowd looked on, dumbfounded and a little f rightened, as Emma turned to face them, her eyes almost seeming to glow brighter than her hair. “Anyon e else?” She growled in a low, furious tone. Those whose phones were broken gathered the pieces and s houted about suing, while those whose were still intact merely strolled away chuckling, calling out promis es to ’spread the show’ online.

The impotence of Emma’s anger only made it hotter, as she watched the crowd disperse, and the innum erable photos and videos going out of her reach! No no NO! This was NOT what was supposed to happe

n! She'd looked like a total perverted idiot! Slowly, seething, Emma turned to the dork responsible.

Candice was picking herself up off the ground with one hand, while alternating the other between brushing off her mouth (going 'pltheh' all the while) and fixing her glasses skewed diagonally on her face. Once her vision refocused and all she saw was a very irate redhead glaring at her, Candice totally froze. "…uh … I… I didn't…"

Emma didn't wait for excuses. She growled like a panther preparing to pounce!

"EEK!" Without another word, Candice scrambled to her feet and took off the way she came!

—

"N-no! Hannah, I- I… I'm sorry! I didn- WAGH!"

Fuming so heavily it was like smoke coming off her, Hannah rapidly advanced on Carrie as she futilely plead, before Hannah reached and jerked Carrie's shorts down to the ground in one vindictive pull, with so much force the apologetic dirty blonde tumbled butt-first onto the track! "Ow!" Instinctively, Carrie flipped over onto all fours to try and scurry away - shorts snagged around her ankles and white panties bright across her upraised cheeks - only to crawl straight into Hannah, who'd promptly darted right in her path! Under a shadow that seemed darker than it'd been over Candice, Carrie gulped and stammered, "H-Hannah, I r-really didn't… I- I'm sorry! I'm sorry, okay!!! I was just-"

But it was too late for 'sorry's. With a growl, Hannah reached over Carrie's head and gripped the back of her underpants with both hands. "Hannah!" Carrie voice jumped up a whole octave! "I'm sorrYYYYYYY!" Carrie's plea became a wail, as Hannah pulled up for a massive wedgie! "EEEEEK!" Carrie cried out as her underwear dug a mile up her ass and stretched hard into her privates!

Hannah pulled and pulled without mercy, yanking her friend's panties high and hard, almost all the way to her chest! "AH! OW! My ASS, OW!!" Each pull stretched the undies tighter inside private places and lifted Carrie's butt higher into the air, forcing her into a crumpled downward dog position! Her upper body was almost entirely upside-down, causing her shirt to slip down and her bare boobs to flop into her face as Hannah's pulls bounced her up and down, forcing her underwear deeper and deeper! "Ahh! AHHH!" Carrie's yelps got louder as Hannah pulled harder and harder and made her ass crack burn hotter and hotter! Tremors of discomfort resonated through her whole body, originating from between her legs where the feeling was at its worst!

Still pulling, Hannah walked around to pull from behind. "You like that?" Hannah taunted as she practically threw her whole back into a powerful upward heave so hard it's a wonder the strained fabric didn't tear! "You like it that hard? And here I thought Candice was a slut!"

"AHH! Hannah- AHH!" Carrie tried to pick herself off the ground, but squeaked as all the heave burrowed her panties even deeper up her crotch! Her round ass was pulled ever higher, her bare breasts scraping along the track! "N-no! Please, p-please Hannah, stop! I- I'm sorry!"

"Oh, you *don't* like it?" Hannah pulled up even harder than before. "Should've thought about that before you crossed me!" Again and again, Hannah pulled harder, with the intent to top herself every time! Carrie's panties were barely a thread between her crevices, burrowed so deep up her chafed-red crack and crotch!

"NO! AHH!" The discomfort rocked Carrie's body in waves as Hannah sawed and shredded her ass! And her throbbing pussy… Carrie's knees started unconsciously trending in on each other, and Hannah noticed with wicked delight the way the sunlight started shimmering down her prey's inner thighs! "Hannah!" Carrie's toes curled inside her sneakers and she reached out a hand like she could escape. "Stop! PLEASE! I'm gonna… I- I might…" Another wave of pain came colder than before…

Suddenly, Hannah pulled Carrie's underwear not further up her underside, but instead down her legs! H annah whisked both the panties and the shorts clean over Carrie's shoes and off her body, throwing the m to the side of the track and, in a moment, rendering the girl naked from the waist down!

"w…wha… OOF!" Before Carrie could full process the relieving breeze along her bare butt, however, the wind was knocked out of her by Hannah dropping onto her back. Carrie tried to twist around and buck he r off to no avail! Hannah was straddling Carrie's back, and, with her knees locked around her sides, Carri e was trapped in place!

"I'm not satisfied as you evidently are," Hannah intoned, sparing another glance at the wetness glistenin g down Carrie's legs. "I don't think you quite the point of today's exercise." Though Carrie couldn't look b ehind and see what Hannah was doing, she did she the tall blonde's shadow suddenly become taller, an d in a second understood why: Hannah had raised a hand up high. "Don't. Fuck. With. Me."

On the last icy syllable, Hannah swung her hand down and spanked Carrie's bare vulnerable ass! SMAC K!

"YAAAGH!" Carrie yelped, and again as Hannah rocked her friend's supple ass cheeks with open-palme d smack after smack! "YOW! STOP! KYAAH!" Hannah was relentless, putting all her might into every sw at against her friend's naked rear! Soon, Carrie's booty matched the flustered red blush of her face! Wha ck! Smack! Hannah grinned seeing all the distinct marks of her handprints practically glowing across Carr ie's butt!

"YAHH!" Carrie yelled in pain of her beleaguered booty, but as she did, the humiliation started losing its grip, and a new feeling swelled up with every hand against her backside: anger. "NO!" Carrie suddenly sh rieked. "Get OFF ME!"

"Wha?" The outburst genuinely took Hannah by surprise. That one moment of pause, however, was enou gh for Carrie to once again try and buck Hannah off her back, and this time succeed. "Huh?!" Hannah fel l forward and caught herself with her hands as Carrie wormed out from under her and scrambled to her f eet. "Hey!" Hannah barked as she stood and turned to face Carrie. "Where do you think you're going, yo u little-"

"NO!" Carrie shrieked again. She'd clambered onto her feet and was poised to run. Although her shirt wa s still rolled up around her collarbone, leaving her boobies out for all to see, her hands were instead grip ping her sore butt cheeks. "I'm done with this! You and me, we're over, you hear me you bitch! Ugh!" And then Carrie took off in a huff towards the locker room, still holding her butt and cussing at Hannah!

Hannah was quick to pursue. "We're not done until *I* say so!" Hannah roared and took off after Carrie. T he gall on that loser! She was gonna make that skank pay even worse, mark her words!

—

"Get back here you DORK!"

Candice pumped her arms like crazy, her bare breasts slapping back and forth! She had no idea who th e girl chasing her was - all she knew was that things had gotten way, way worse than they're already bee n! Candice was running like her life depended on it! "I- I'm sorry!"

Emma raced a few lengths behind, her top pulled back down and her red hair trailing on the wind like a b anner of war. "I'm gonna get you so bad!"

Flight-or-fight was pushing Candice to a speed she'd never reached before! "It- it's not my fault!" She cri ed over her shoulder and saw Emma closing in at arm's reach! "Please! I'm so sorry! I'm sorry!" She was

so preoccupied looking behind herself, however, she was totally oblivious to Carrie coming the opposite way down the track! The latter was streaking with no pants and her boobs out, also too busy looking back at her own gaining pursuer, both girls unaware they were sprinting right at each other!

CRASH!

Candice and Carrie collided hard and went down on the sun-soaked track, with Candice landing on her b ack and Carrie, dazed from the impact, slumping on top of her! Groaning and muttering, Candice looked around and pieced together what had happened, difficult as it was - in the fall she'd lost her glasses and wasn't sure where they'd gotten to. Hurriedly, Candice slid her elbows under herself and pushed herself up to sitting, hoping Carrie would roll right off. But that's not what happened…

"GYAH!" Candice yelped! Carrie's face had been resting on her midriff! When Candice tried to sit up, Car rie's head slid down and landed squarely into her lap! Though Candice's panties were still on, the fabric was stretched until it was barely there, and Carrie's hot breath gusted right through to tickle her private p arts!

"OH! Oh God…" Candice gasped and slipped trying to pick herself up, accidentally bouncing Carrie's he ad on her lap so her mouth more directly lay over her crotch! The cold staticky shudders restarted in hyp erdrive through Candice's hips and through her body! Still foggy from the fall, Carrie tried and failed to pi ck herself up, only managing to push her face deeper into Candice! Carrie groaned in confusion right aga inst Candice's pussy, a long sustained 'note' that dropped Candice's jaw! "Nyaah! D-don't… Oh!" Candic e felt herself squirming in place, cold all over except for the heat in her face, and the heat in her… in her … "Get up, get UP!" Candice plead in desperation! If she didn't get up soon, Candice felt like-

A sudden jolt tore through Candice's nerves. In a last-ditch effort, she grabbed Carrie's shoulders and sh oved hard, sending her sprawling onto the grass beside the track with a dizzy groan. Candice fell trembli ng onto the track with her back arched, as she knotted and unknotted fists by her hips, begging and plea ding with herself that no, not there, anything but that and anywhere but there, but it was past the point of no return. "…aaaaannnhhhh…" Candice failed to suppress the moan from leaking past her lips. Her back straightened and fell but her hips twitched back and forth on their own, as her chest heaved up and dow n in a pattern of long sighs. It was like a cool rush of air breezing down the length of her body that put ou t a great fire, save for a few embers smoldering… oh… oh no… she was too late… All she could do was grit her teeth, close her eyes, and pray like crazy those cheerleaders hadn't followed to take more pictur es, as her hips twitched once more before finally going still…

Candice didn't open her eyes until a few moments later, when a shade too dark to ignore blanketed her, t he shade coming from two bodies this time. Both Emma and Hannah towered over the quivering dork wit h their arms folded and eyes alight in anger. What's more, Candice's supine position in the grass gave he r a clean view up both up Emma's skirt and the leg holes of Hannah's shorts, for an eyeful of both of thei r vulvas - somehow seeing them only made the girls more intimidating…

"End of the line," Emma snipped down at her disheveled prey. Despite having just chased her down, Em ma showed no signs of being winded, which terrified Candice even more! "You think you can just do wha t you did and run off, just like that?"

Candice stared up in utter helplessness, mouth glued shut out of embarrassment! Suddenly, even thoug h she'd just been panting for breath, Candice once again felt like she had no air left!

Emma glowered and opened her mouth like she had more to threaten, only for Hannah to take a step clo ser and speak with an accusatory finger pointed. "This dork has been nothing but trouble all day. She ma de quite the mess of our track practice, too!"

The two bullies shared a side-eyed smirk. They recognized each other only vaguely from cheerleading, b ut in that moment, it was like their minds were one and the same. "Then I think," Emma drawled, "I think

that this calls for some kind of punishment… wouldn't you say?"

Hannah's smile widened. "Indeed. And while we're at it…" Hannah gestured with her head to Carrie, still l ying dazed and pantsless in the nearby grass. "This one could use a lesson too."

Emma nodded. "The more the merrier!" And so the two reached their hands down to grab Candice, who remained petrified to the spot! It didn't seem real! It was like a waking nightmare that just wouldn't END! And like a nightmare, Candice was powerless to do anything but watch in dread as the hands closed in a round her one more time…

To be continued…